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JUNE 1971

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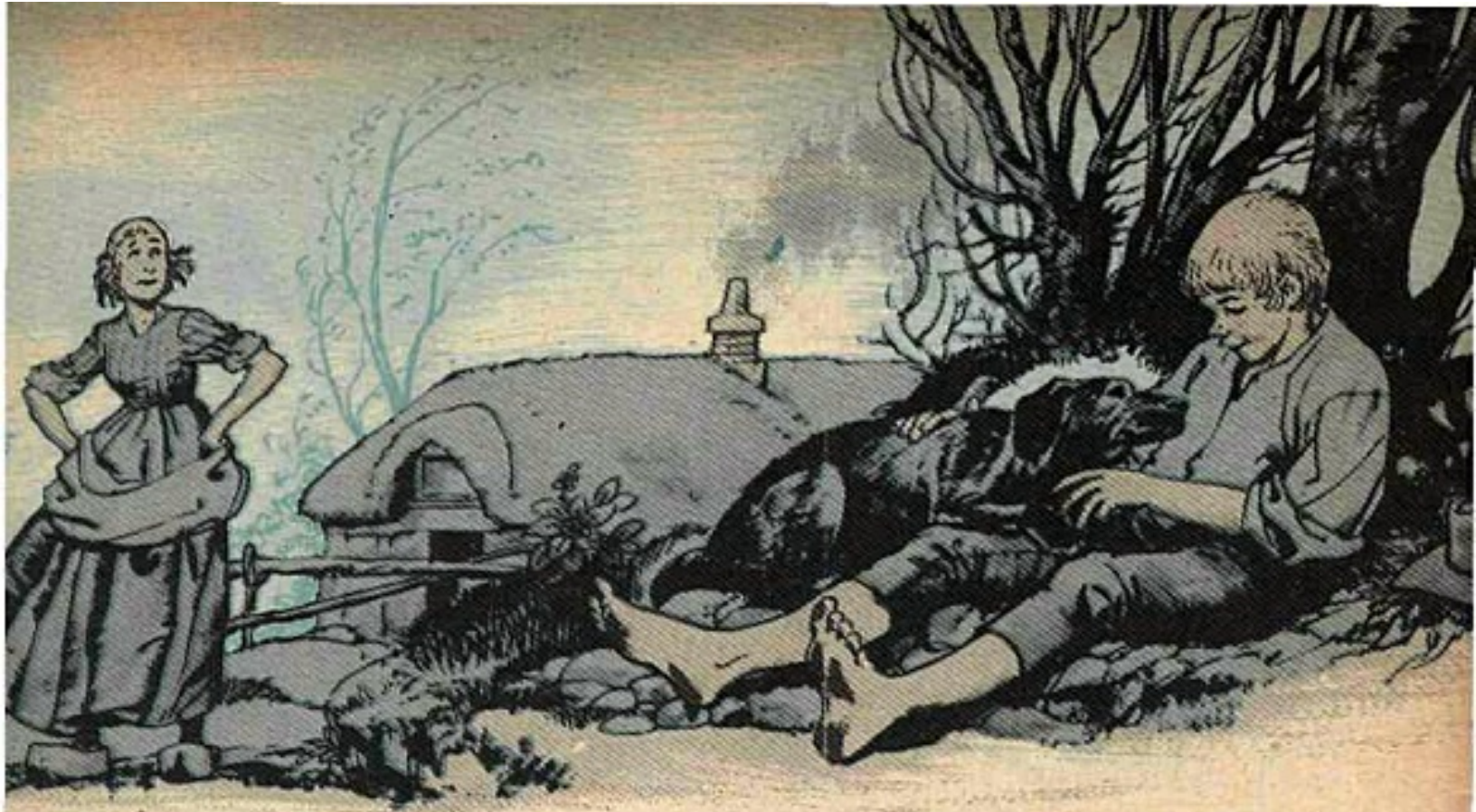
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We are Sorry...

With the cost of paper soaring sky high and everything else following suit, it becomes difficult to make two ends meet, so, very reluctantly, we have to increase the price of this magazine to 90 paise, as and from next month. But we promise you many new entertaining features in the months to come.

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THE STORY OF SILLY TOM

Once upon a time, there lived an old woman and her son, Tom, a lazy half-stupid lad, who had never done anything for his living. Their small cottage was on a bare and dreary common, for they were very poor. His mother often told Tom to go and look for work, but he would rather sit at home, idling away his time. At last, the old woman told him that unless he went and found work somewhere, she, would no longer let him live at the cottage.

Tom did not like the idea of working, but as he wanted to

stay at the cottage, he decided that he must find himself a job. He went to work on a nearby farm and received as wages at the end of the day a threepenny piece. However, never having handled money before, he did not know how to take care of it and on his way home he lost it. It rolled out of his fingers on to the path and disappeared down a rabbit hole. Silly Tom got down on his hands and knees and peered down the hole, but it was too dark to see anything at all. He scratched his head hard but he could think of no way of

getting back his money, so he had to pick himself up, go back home and confess to his angry mother that he had lost all of his first day's wages.

"You silly boy," said his mother, "Why did you not put the threepenny piece in your pocket?"

"I'll do that next time," said Tom.

The next day, he went to another farm, where many cows were kept and at the end of the day, he was given a jug of milk as wages. This he put into his pocket and, of course, as the jug had no top to it, when he got home the milk was all spilt and his clothes spoilt.

"Goodness gracious me," said his mother. "How silly you are, to be sure. Why did you not carry it on your head?"

"I'll do that next time," said Tom.

On the following day, he went to work for yet another farmer and in return for a day's hay-making, he received a large cream cheese. Silly Tom put it on his head, but by the time he reached home, he was in rather a bad way. The cheese had melted all over his ears and neck and was completely spoilt. Added to this, it took

an hour's hard scrubbing to remove the sticky cream from his hair.

"You silly fellow," wailed his mother. "Why did you not carry it in your hands?"

"I'll do that next time," said Tom.

The fourth day, he went to work for a baker, who in return for his hard work, gave him a large tom-cat.

Tom carried the cat in his hands for a little way, but it began to scratch and bite





him so much that he had to let it go and it ran away.

"You really are foolish," said his mother. "Why did you not tie a string round its neck and lead it home?"

"I'll do that next time," said Tom.

The day after, he did some work for a butcher, who gave him a fine leg of lamb for his wages. Tom tied a string around it and dragged it home along the dusty roads. By the time he reached his mother, the leg of lamb was not fit to be seen,

let alone eaten and had to be thrown away.

"You stupid boy," said his mother. "Why did you not carry it on your shoulder?"

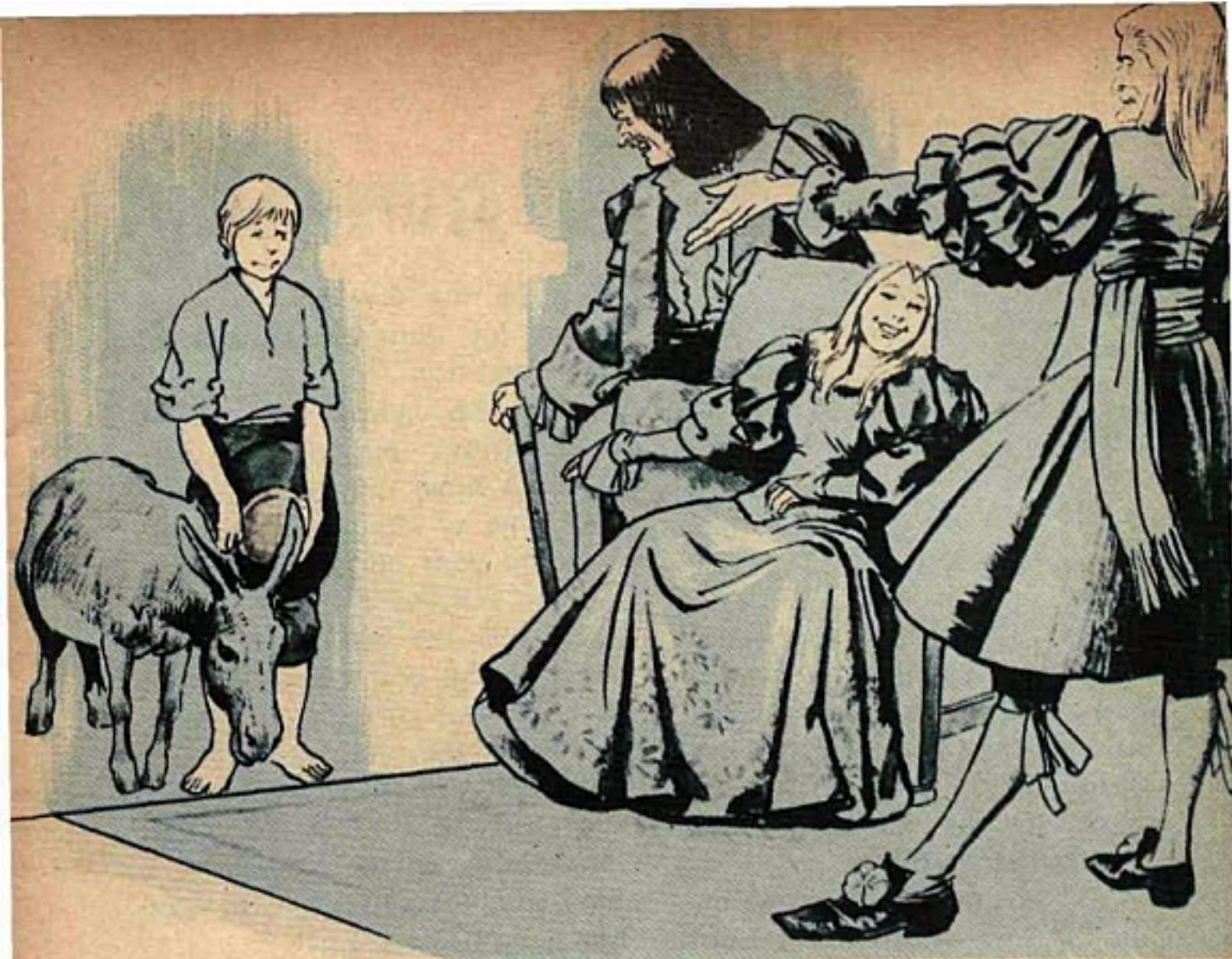
"I'll do that next time," said Tom.

Once more he went to work, this time on a cattle farm and received a donkey for his wages. Although Tom was fairly strong, it was only with great difficulty that he lifted the heavy donkey on to his shoulders.

As he staggered slowly home, he had to pass the royal castle, where the king and queen lived with their daughter, Princess Blanche. This princess suffered from a terrible sadness and the doctors told the king that the only cure would be a good, hearty laugh. The king and queen hired all the funniest clowns and jesters in their realm, but the princess never even smiled.

"Take these fools away," she always said, "for they do not amuse me at all." Finally, in desperation, the king offered a prize of five thousand pieces of gold to anyone who could make his daughter laugh out loud.

As Tom struggled by with the donkey on his shoulders, the princess chanced to look



out of her window and the sight so amused her, that she began to laugh out loud and was unable to stop. Indeed, she continued laughing until Tom put down the donkey and entered the palace, at the bidding of the king.

"You have cured my daughter by making her laugh again, after all the clowns in my realm had failed," the king told Tom. "You must take the five thousand pieces of gold that I pro-

mised as the prize."

Tom thanked the king and took the money and with it, he and his mother were able to live in comfort to the end of their days. Tom never had to work again and he could sit in the fields, passing his time away dreaming in the sunshine under the shade of a great tree and he was as happy as the day was long, while his mother, who now had no work to do, joined him.



THE STUPID LION

king of the forest. You can marry my daughter subject to one condition."

The lion licked his lips in anticipation, and giving the father a none too gentle nudge with one of his paws, roared. "Name your condition, and it will be fulfilled."

At this the father began to pluck up his courage. "Listen carefully my friend," he said. "You must remember my daughter is of tender years, and she will be scared of your fangs and claws. Now if you have them removed, you can marry my daughter."

"Then send for the doctor and let him take them out," the lion glibly said, thinking to himself that his fangs and claws would soon grow again.

So the doctor was sent for, and after a lot of tugging, and heaving, removed the lethal objects.

The lion did not feel so good afterwards, and as he wended his way home to rest his aching gums and feet, a pack of hyenas noticed his plight and fell upon the lion and had a good feast.

One day a lion, stalking through the forest, saw a beautiful young girl whom he decided he would like to marry. Following the girl to her home, the lion boldly walked into the house, to the horror of the terror stricken father.

"Do not be afraid," said the lion. "I want to marry your daughter. And you must admit, I will make a fine son-in-law."

The poor father, confronted by this immense beast, could not take his eyes off the lion's huge fangs. He realised that if he refused to let his daughter marry this arrogant lion, those fangs could take off his head with one bite.

Then he had a brain-wave. Trying hard to stop his teeth from chattering, the father managed to say. "Listen,



The Two Misers

Many years ago, there was a miser, and he certainly was a miser. Having to spend even the smallest coin caused him considerable pain and he would spend hours and hours, thinking of ways in which he could keep his hoard of money from ever diminishing.

One day, he heard that there was a miser living in a nearby town who never spent anything at all. This sounded good, so our miser decided he would pay a visit to this outstanding man and learn the secret of his success.

It was a long, back breaking walk to the town where the other miser lived, especially as our miser walked barefooted in order to save his chappals from wearing out.

Eventually he reached his destination, and met this great miser, who greeted him as a long lost brother, and invited him to a meal.

This certainly shook our miser, who protested most volubly, "No, no, I have a piece of dry bread in my pocket, which is all I require."

"That will not do," the great miser said, taking his newly found friend by the arm. "Come with me, and we shall dine out."

First they went to the bakery, where the great miser enquired for fresh bread.

"My good men," the baker said, "I have bread that will melt like butter in the mouth."

"Ah!," said the great miser. "Then what we need is butter

not bread."

So off our misers went to the dairy, where the great miser enquired the price of butter.

The dairy man exclaimed. "My butter is good. It's just like ghee."

"In that case," muttered the great miser. "Perhaps it would be better to have ghee."

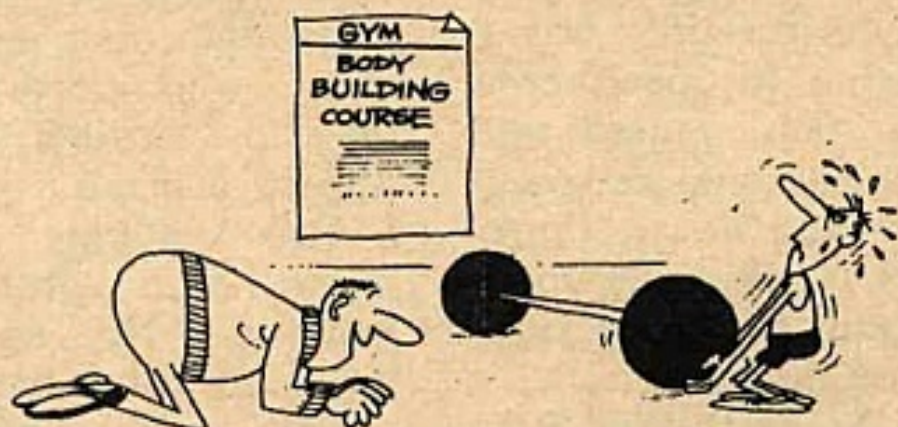
"I have plenty of ghee," said the dairy man. "Good ghee, as clear as water."

"Then," said the great miser

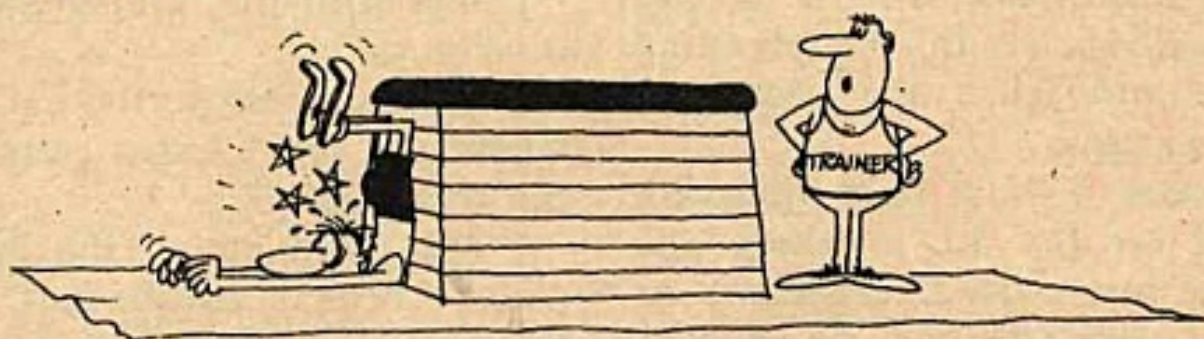
to the other miser. "Let us drink water, which will be as clear as ghee."

So the two misers returned to the house, and the great miser poured out some water, which they drank with great relish.

Our miser returned home, congratulating himself on the good fortune of having met someone, who had showed him that water was as good as anything for a meal.



"There! It definitely moved! You couldn't do that when you started six weeks ago!"



"Jump again immediately, before you lose your nerve!"

THE THREE ORANGES

There was once a very handsome young prince, who ruled over a great and rich country. His people adored him and for one smile from him, they would have given anything, even their own lives.

The prince could have been very happy, but he never smiled at all. All day long he sighed with a great sadness and kept on saying:

"Oh, if only I could have the three oranges."

There was a reason for his sadness. A wicked fairy had put a curse on him and had given him an illness. In vain all the best doctors and the most powerful magicians had tried to find a cure for him. They all said the same thing. Somehow he must find the three magic oranges, for which he sighed so much.

One day, the young prince made up his mind to leave the kingdom in the faithful care of one of his ministers and go out in search of the precious fruit.

First, however, he consulted the Court magician, who was named Celio, asking his advice.

"Yes, you must go yourself in search of the three oranges, my honoured prince," said the magician. "They can be found in a castle a thousand miles away—but I must warn you that the guardian of the castle is an evil magician, named



Creona, who uses many tricks to defend himself and to keep out strangers."

"What must I do to get the better of him?" asked the young prince.

"First of all, take this bottle of special oil with you and use it to oil the hinges of the castle gates," replied the Court magician. "Secondly, take this piece of bread to give to the starving dog which guards the entrance to the castle. Thirdly,

you must take with you this flue-brush, with which to sweep the chimney of the castle."

Gratefully, the prince took things offered to him. "Is there anything else I need?" he asked.

"One more thing you must do when you reach the castle," nodded Celio. "That is to take up a piece of damp rope which you will find lying in the middle of the courtyard and stretch it out in the sun. When you have done all these things you will come upon the three oranges—but take great care not to peel them and open them unless there is fresh water nearby."

The prince promised to obey the instructions given to him and the magician snapped his fingers, causing a sudden whirlwind to arrive, which snatched up the prince and carried him swiftly over a thousand miles of land to the castle of Creona.

Before he went inside, the prince carefully oiled the hinges of the huge iron doors, then threw the piece of bread towards the hungry dog, which came leaping at him with teeth bared ready to bite him. While the dog was busy swallowing the piece of bread, the prince





slipped inside the castle and used the flue-brush to sweep the chimney of the huge fireplace.

That done, he hurried back into the courtyard, picked up a length of damp rope that he found there and stretched it out to dry in the sun.

"Now to find the three oranges," he thought to himself, a little surprised that, so far, nothing had happened to him. Finding a tree in the garden, he was delighted to see three golden oranges hanging from its branches.

These he quickly picked, but almost as soon as he touched them, the ground shook beneath his feet and the trembling of an earthquake made the castle shake to its foundations. The sun was blacked out and above all the noise, the mighty voice of Creona, the wicked magician, could be heard shouting:

"Fire, burn up the intruder!"

"I cannot," the fire replied. "He has swept my chimney with a flue-brush."

"Rope, bind him up!" shouted Creona.

"I cannot," the rope replied. "He has stretched me out in the sun and dried me."

"Dog, bite him!" shrieked Creona.

"I cannot," the dog replied. "He has given me a piece of bread to eat. I am not hungry any more."

"Doors, close and squash him!" shouted Creona.

"We cannot," replied the doors. "He has oiled our hinges."

The magician, in a frenzy, gave an even louder shout of despair and a great flash of lightning came down from the sky. It burned him up and the whole castle came tumbling down to the ground in broken pieces.

As this all happened, the prince found himself in a wood not far from his own city. He made his way towards it and when he came to the shores of a lake, he peeled and opened the largest of the three oranges. Out of the orange came a most beautiful girl, who at once said to the prince:

"Whoever you are, my saviour, give me something to drink or I shall die."

The prince hurried to the edge of the lake to scoop up some of the water for her to drink. When she had drunk it, she breathed a sigh of relief and told him that she was called Ninetta and was the daughter of a king on the

When Sam was asked how he budgeted his income, he replied: "Oh, about 40 percent for food, 30 percent for shelter, 30 percent for clothing and 20 percent for amusement and incidentals."

"But, Sam, that makes 120 percent!"

"Lord, don't I know it!" Sam agreed.

other side of the World.

"The wicked magician, Creona, was angry with my father and captured me," she said. "He imprisoned me inside an orange. I was not able to escape, because if I did and was not able to find water to drink within a few seconds, I would shrivel up and die."

"It is more thanks to my own wise magician than to me that you were saved, princess,"

said the young prince.

He himself felt that his strange illness and sadness had gone forever and he joyfully took Ninetta back to his Kingdom, where they were married amid great rejoicing.





THE TWO ROGUES

There were once two rogues, who made a very good living by posing as holy men, and selling worthless charms to gullible people, with resounding promises that the charms would fend off ill-fortune and cure any disease.

All went well for some time, and the pickings were very good. And our two rogues took care not to stay in any place too long, and certainly never to visit the same town twice.

Then there came the day, which started off very well with plenty of folk willing to part with their money for so called lucky charms, but amongst the crowd was a visitor, who had been cheated by these frauds some months before. He promptly accused them of

roguery and trickery, and the crowd ever willing to welcome a diversion, were soon pelting the two rogues with rotten vegetables and anything else they laid their hands on.

Dishevelled and bruised, the two rogues were happy to get away from that town, and they realised that it was time they thought of a better scheme by which to hoodwink the public.

After arguing over the possibilities of various ideas, the two rogues parted.

Eventually the first rogue came to a small town, many miles away. Here he seated himself in the public square, and with closed eyes, was supposedly deep in meditation. Soon a crowd had gathered round this holy man, curious to who he was, and from where

he had come.

As soon as he opened his eyes, he was showered with questions and many asked for his help and guidance.

The rogue spoke quietly to the gathering. "My friends, no matter what ails you. Whether it be sickness of the body or of the mind, I can cure you all."

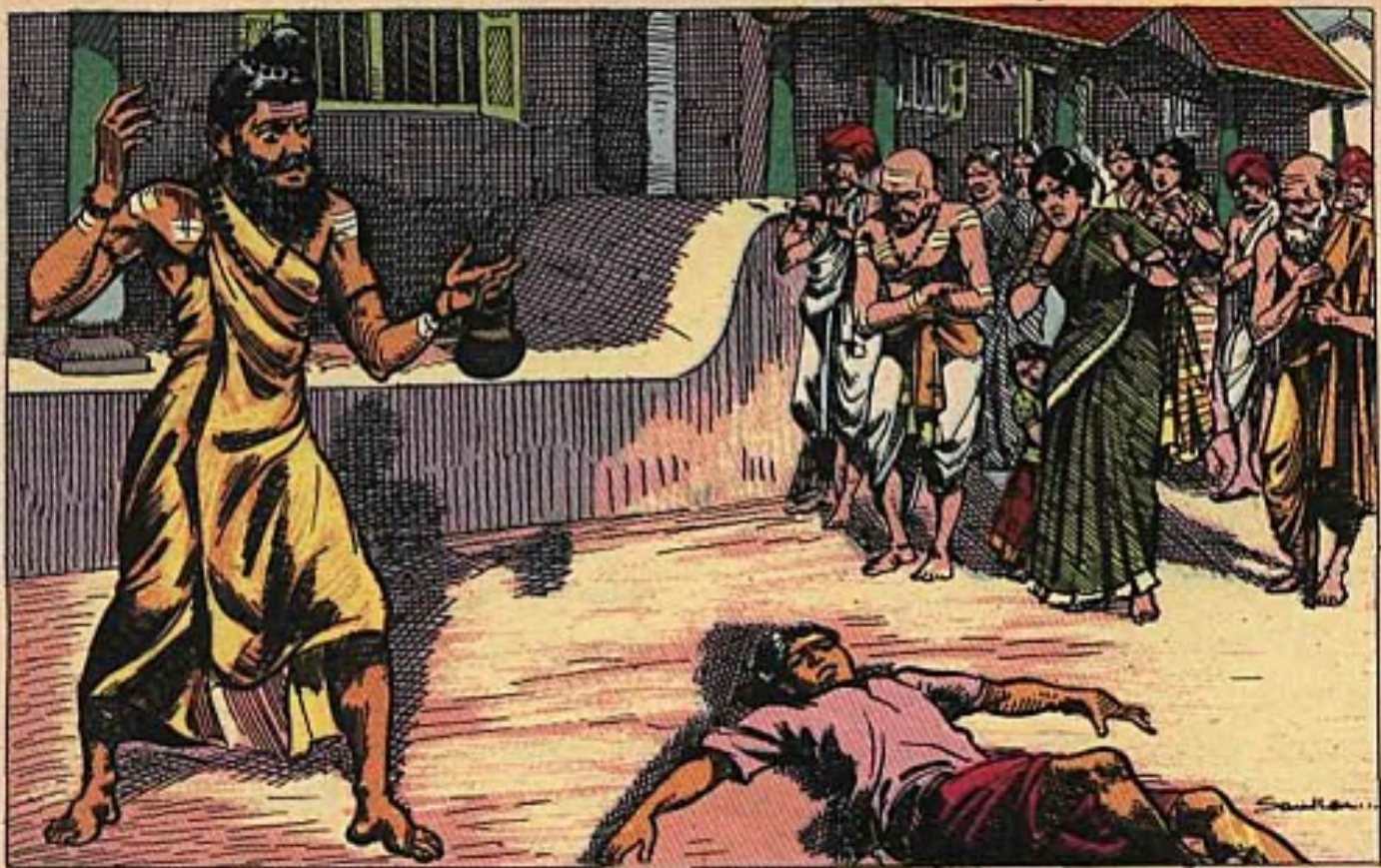
At this many of the people pressed forward, to seek help from this 'holy man'. But he held up his hand. "I do not seek alms," he said. "But I am commanded to build a temple to the Lord Shiva. So if you be truly devoted, I

beseech you to give liberally."

Very soon he was busy gathering into a pile not only coins, but costly ornaments. At that moment, there was a shout from the back of the crowd, and pushing his way through, the second rogue confronted the 'holy man,' and in a voice of scorn shouted, "Charlatan, and rogue! You are no holy man, but a cheap deceiver of good people."

The crowd was taken back at such a savage outburst, and several would have laid hands on the intruder, but the 'holy man' stopped them by merely raising his hand. "Do not touch my accuser. But let me





show you the penalty for slandering a holy man, such as I," he said.

With that the 'holy man' took up a bowl of water, and sprinkling some into the palm of his hand, mumbled some mystic words. Then rising to his feet, he sprinkled water on to his accuser, who immediately fell heavily to the ground.

There were cries from the crowd, "He is dead," and every one stared in horror at the body. But several of the kindly folk beseeched the 'holy man' to bring the wrong-doer back to life.

The 'holy man' appeared

to relent, for he again sprinkled water on the corpse, and again mumbled something, at which the corpse came to life, and slowly got to his feet and stumbled away out of sight.

The next morning the 'holy man' and the 'corpse' met outside the town, and gloated over the proceeds the crowd had contributed.

So with professional pride they made their way to the next town. But, the miracle of bringing a man back to life preceeded them, and when they tried the same act again, the only contribution they received was a heavy prison sentence.



The Bridge of Crocodiles

Here is a very old story of India, and maybe it is true. There was once a wise monkey who wished to cross a river. But the river was in flood, so swimming across was rather risky, especially as the river was infested by ever hungry crocodiles.

Making his way down to the river bank, the wise monkey called out to a huge crocodile that was close by.

"Hullo, crocodile," the monkey called out. "I hope you and all your family are well?"

"We are all in good health," replied the crocodile.

"But, of course you haven't a very large family," the

monkey said. "Whereas I have a family of over twenty."

"That's nothing," retorted the crocodile. "My family is more than twice that."

"Impossible," said the monkey, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I will soon show you," replied the crocodile very indignantly, and giving a series of short barks, a number of other crocodiles were soon on the scene.

"My, My," exclaimed the monkey. "You do have a big family. There must be nearly twenty of you."

"Nonsense," replied the crocodile with a scornful bellow. "Count them for

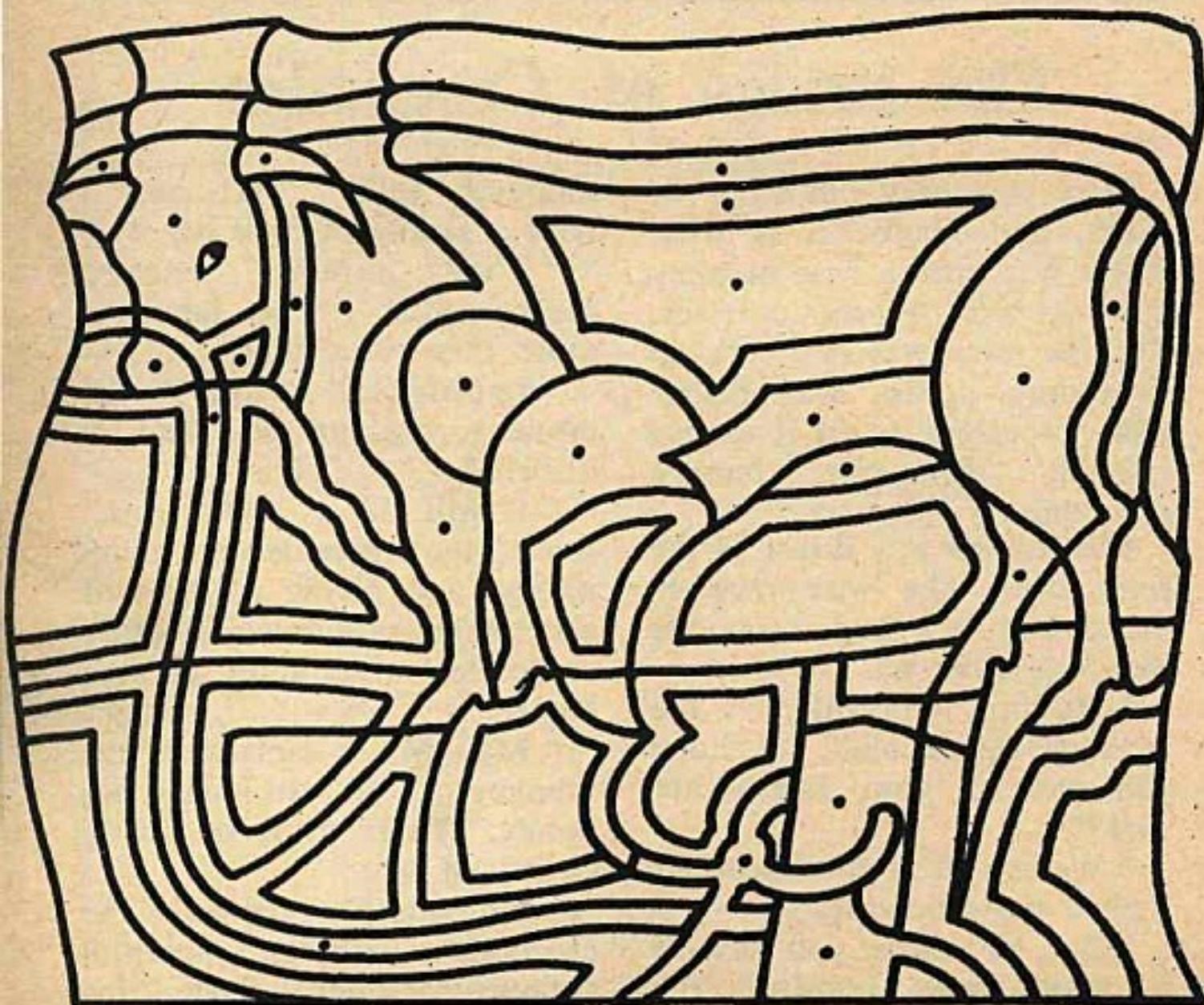
yourself, and you will find my family is much bigger than yours."

"I will do that," replied the monkey, and promptly jumped on the back of the nearest crocodile and started counting "one," "two," "three," And

as he counted, the monkey jumped from one back to another crocodile's back, until he was safely across the river.

"Thank you," shouted the monkey, "your family supplied me with a nice safe bridge to cross the river."

It is wise to stay clear of the animal hidden in this puzzle. To find out what it is shade in the dotted areas with a pencil.



THE GOLDEN APPLES

Odin, king of all the gods, had a son called Bragi. He was a handsome youth and because he sang so sweetly, he was the god of poetry and song.

Bragi did not spend all his time in Asgard, the home of the gods, which lay far above the Earth. He liked to wander far and wide, all over the world.

One day as he sat in a boat on a peaceful river, singing his sweet songs, he saw Idunn, the daughter of one of the dwarfs, coming across the meadow.

The dwarfs were small and ugly. They lived in the dark caves beneath the Earth and they spent all their time mining the gold and precious stones which were hidden in the Earth and working at their forges, making their finely-wrought metalwork.

Idunn's father and brothers were like all the other dwarfs, bent and ugly. They could never come to the surface by day, for a ray of sunlight would have turned them to stone.

Only Idunn was different. She was beautiful and gentle and kind-hearted. She could walk about among the trees and flowers in the daylight and come to no harm.





**Loki saw an eagle,
sitting on a rock,
staring at them.**

When Bragi saw her, he took her with him in his boat, for he had fallen in love with her at once. He took her back with him to Asgard, the home of the gods, and there they were married. To Idunn was given charge of the golden apples which the gods and goddesses ate to keep them

everlastingly young and immortal. Without the golden apples, they would have grown old and died, just like mortals.

Now it happened that Odin and two of the other gods, Loki and Honir, were travelling through the world one day, looking for adventure. At last, tired and weary, they came to a herd of oxen in a valley and they decided to kill an ox, cook and eat it and then rest.

They made a fire of logs and put the ox over the flames, but it would not cook. At last Odin said, "There is some evil power here which wishes us harm."

Loki looked around and nearby he saw an eagle, sitting on a rock, staring at them. "Perhaps it is someone who has taken the shape of a bird," said Loki.

Honir called to the eagle and asked if he was stopping the ox from cooking. "Share your food with me and it will cook," replied the eagle.

"Come and join us," invited Odin. The eagle flew down and fanned the flames with his wings, so that the ox soon cooked, but he insisted on having the first portion for all his hard work and he took

more than half of the meat for himself. Then he took a second bite.

Loki, very angry, picked up a stick and dealt the eagle a powerful blow, but he found that he could not lift the stick from its body again, nor could he let go the end he held, so that when the eagle rose into the air, Loki rose with it.

"I am Thiazi, the storm giant," it said. "I have long wished to harm the gods. Now I have you, Loki."

"Let me go and I will give you whatever you ask," said Loki.

"You can go only if you give Idunn and her golden apples into my power, for I wish to have eternal youth," said the eagle. Loki, despairing of getting free any other way, finally agreed.

Back in Asgard, Loki went to Idunn and told her that he had found a tree, covered with golden apples like hers, in a wood near Asgard.

Idunn would not believe this and wanted to see them for herself, so Loki offered to take her there. "Bring your own apples, so that you can compare them," he said, "for I do not know if these others

have magic powers."

Idunn, carrying her casket of golden apples, followed Loki



As the eagle rose into the air, Loki rose with it.



out of Asgard. Soon they reach the dark wood and as they walked among the trees a big eagle, which was really the giant Thiazi in disguise, swooped down from the trees and seized Idunn. The eagle carried her way up, over the trees and back to his home in Jotenheim, the land of the giants.

Idunn was shut up in Thiazis' great, gloomy castle, high in the mountains. All the time the wind roared through the pine trees and the wolves howled as they prowled around below. Idunn was very unhappy, but however much Thiazi coaxed and threatened, not one bite of her apples would she give him.

In Asgard, the gods missed Idunn and wondered where she was. Bragi grew sad without his wife and the gods grew tired and jaded without the golden apples to keep their youth.

At last, they held a council, to decide what should be done and one of them told how he had seen Idunn set out with Loki, carrying her casket of apples. Only Loki had returned.

At this, Loki had to admit that Idunn was with the storm giant and the gods were very angry. They threatened Loki with a terrible punishment if he did not bring her back. "I will get Idunn back," replied Loki, "not because I am afraid of you, but because I am tired of growing old and ugly."

Loki changed himself into a hawk and flew to Thiazi's castle

in the country of the giants. He waited until Thiazi left the castle and was pleased to see that he looked no younger than before, so he was sure that Idunn had parted with none of her golden apples.

Then, he flew in through the window and dropping to the floor at Idunn's feet, changed back to his proper shape. "I have come to take you back," he said. "The gods long for a sight of your sweet smile and a taste of your apples."

Idunn did not trust Loki, now, but there seemed no other way of returning to Asgard, so she allowed him to say some magic words over her. At once she was turned into a tiny nut.

Loki changed back into a hawk, picked up the nut in his claws and flew out of the window, but Thiazi saw him and was sure it was one of the gods, come to rescue Idunn. He changed into an eagle and pursued the hawk and being more powerful, he was fast gaining on Loki by the time they reached Asgard.

The gods, watching for Loki's return, saw him flying back, closely pursued by the eagle. They gathered wood



Loki had to admit that Idunn was with the storm giant.

and piled it up before the walls of Asgard and then lit it.

The flames rose high into the air and Loki swooped through it, to enter Asgard. Because he was the god of fire, he came through it unharmed, the nut tightly clutched in his

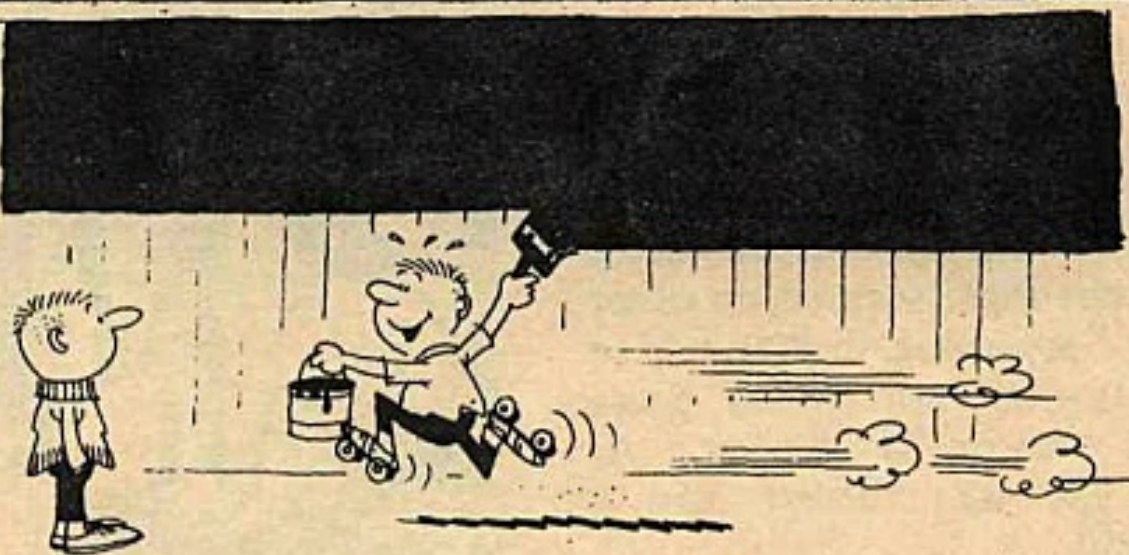
claws, but the eagle, flying after him, singed his wings and fell to the ground.

The gods rushed forward and killed the eagle with one blow, while Loki returned once more to his own shape. Then he said the magic words and Idunn appeared before them, her casket of apples clutched in

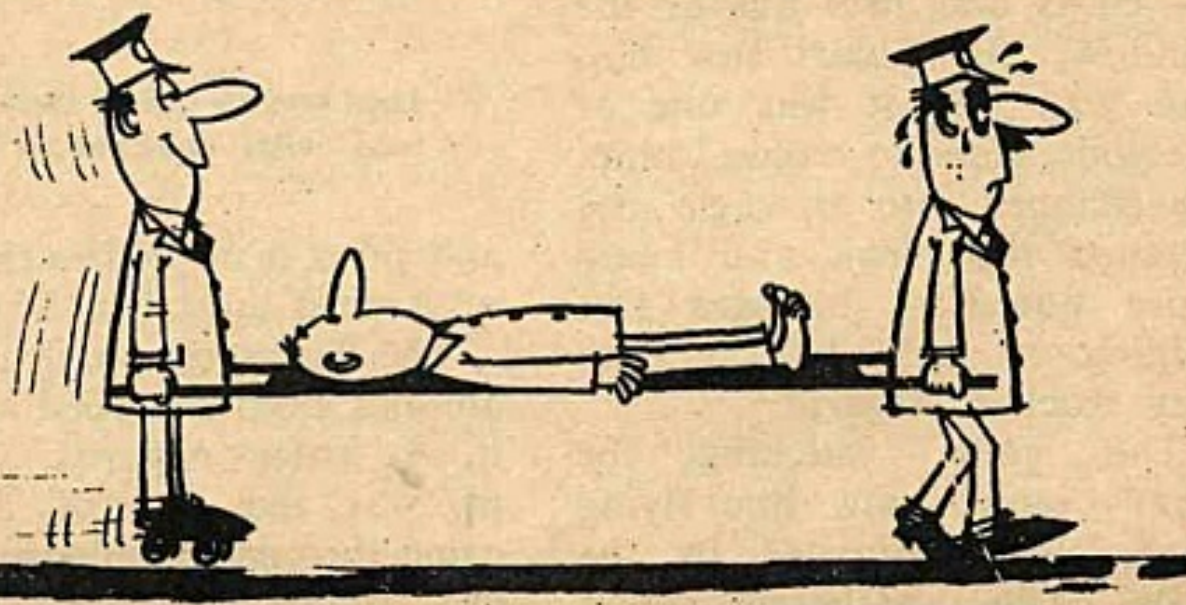
her hands.

The gods were overjoyed to see her again, especially Bragi, who had forgotten to sing while his wife had been lost.

The gods were able to eat the golden apples once again and they quickly became bright and youthful, as they had been before.



"Dad bet me I couldn't paint the fence in ten minutes!"





GLITTERING GOLD

Raman the peasant, had received permission to cultivate a piece of fallow land adjoining his own small property. So he set out early one morning to plough this land, which he visualised would produce excellent crops.

All went well for some time, and then his plough struck something hard. Muttering curses, Raman knelt down fully expecting to find a boulder which would have to be dug out. But saints be praised, instead of a boulder, Raman's eyes were dazzled by the sight

of gold!

Quickly setting to work, Raman soon uncovered his find and could jump with joy, for it was an immense bar of solid gold. But when he tried to move it, the weight was too much for even his sturdy muscles.

Then he decided to get his brother-in-law to help. If they cut the bar into two, they would be able to carry it away, and both be rich forever. Though it was a pity to have to share such a find, it could not be helped.

Raman rushed off to his brother-in-law's house, and after considerable hard work, the two men managed to cut the bar of gold in two. But still each piece was too heavy to lift. In the end they decided to seek the assistance of two other relatives, even though it would mean dividing this wealth into four.

It was getting towards dusk when at last the four men had managed to cut the bar of gold into four pieces. Then with a good deal of tugging and heaving, each man managed to shoulder his piece of gold, and set off for home before any prying busybodies discovered their great secret.

They had not gone many yards, when one of the men dropped his piece of gold on the ground and cried out, "Wait a minute. I am being twisted, my piece is smaller than the others."

"Nonsense," shouted one of the others. "It is I who has got the smallest piece."

The third man promptly threw his piece on the ground. "You are all rogues," he shouted. "My piece is obviously smaller than yours. So we should cast lots as to who

shall have the choice of the four pieces."

This went on, until all four men were accusing each other and their noisy arguments soon attracted a crowd, ever ready to join in a squabble.

As luck would have it, a platoon of the King's guard happened to be passing, and the sergeant in charge, sensing a riot, was soon upon the scene. But when he saw the gold, his eyes fairly popped out of his head. "Where did you get this gold?" he demanded, catching the nearest onlooker by the neck.

In the end the four men admitted they had found the gold buried in the field, and they were merely taking it home, and they had no wish to cause a disturbance.

"Stealing the King's gold," roared the sergeant. "Off to prison with the four of you."

The four hapless men, together with the gold, were hauled up in front of the magistrate, who, when he heard the full story, sarcastically announced that the gold would henceforth repose in the King's treasury, and the four men would repose in prison for the next twelve months.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



Before the enemy realised what was happening, I fastened a hook to each boat, and tied all the cords together.



Whilst I was doing this, the enemy discharged hundreds of arrows, many of which lodged in my face and hands, and were extremely irritating.



To protect my eyes, I took out my glasses which had escaped the Emperor's searchers, and put them firmly on my nose.



Now the enemies' arrows did not worry me, and taking up the knotted ends of the cords, I dragged the Blefusco ships out to sea.



As I approached the shores of Lilliput, there was the Emperor and his entire court waiting to greet me. Carefully hiding my glasses again, I made for the shore shouting out in a loud voice, "Long live the Emperor of Lilliput."



The Emperor awarded me with the title 'Nardac', which apparently was the highest honour of the kingdom.



The Emperor urged me to return to Blefusco and capture the rest of the enemy fleet. This showed how ambitious he was.



When the Emperor told me he wanted to be the ruler of the world, by making Blefusco into a mere province, I protested that I would not help to bring free and brave people into slavery.



When this matter was discussed by his ministers, most of them were of the same opinion as myself.



The Emperor did not like anyone to disagree with him, and he rode away from the meeting in a fine temper.



Three weeks later a solemn deputation arrived from Blefusco pleading for peace between the two countries. A treaty was eventually signed, and the terms certainly favoured the Emperor's ambitious schemes.



Later the deputation from Blefusco came to see me, and praised my valour and generosity to their country.



They invited me in the name of their Emperor, to visit Blefusco. An invitation which I gladly accepted.



The next time I had the honour to see our Emperor, I requested his permission to visit Blefusco. Although he consented I could see that he was by no means pleased, but I couldn't understand why.



Whilst I was preparing for my visit, a good friend from court, came secretly to my house at midnight.



My friend, greatly agitated, told me that I had been the subject of discussion at several council meetings. Apparently because I wanted to visit Blefuscu and had been kindly disposed towards its people, the council had decided that I should be impeached for treason and other capital crimes. My friend went on to tell me the Emperor had now decided on my punishment, and that very soon the secretary of the council would confront me with the articles of impeachment, and announce that the Emperor, in his great leniency had decreed that I should only be condemned to lose the sight of my eyes by being blinded with sharp arrows.



Having warned me as to my fate, my friend stole secretly away into the night.



The following morning, I seized a large ship and having packed my belongings into the hold, sent a formal letter to the council of my departure, and without waiting for a reply, quietly left for Blefuscu.

NATURE

Cats 2

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows an Abyssinian cat and a kitten.

Whether Abyssinian cats came originally from Abyssinia is doubtful. Some people say that there was no native Abyssinian breed.

Abyssinian cats are very friendly and have a somewhat exotic appearance.

The head of a perfect specimen should be pointed and long and the ears should be fairly large with broad bases. The tail should be quite long and tapering. The eyes of an Abyssinian cat are generally either green or yellow and are very expressive.

Although Abyssinian cats often have bars and other marks on their fur, this is not acceptable in prize specimens.

NATURE

Cats 4

MANX cats are famous, as they are common on the Isle of Man and have no tails. Whether they originated in the Isle of Man is not certain but it is thought to be possible. The taillessness of a Manx cat is dominant, since when a Manx cat is bred with a cat that has a tail, tailless cats can be born, as a result.

Good specimens should have a short back, tall hindquarters and a very rabbit-like, hopping walk. They should also have roundish, large heads and long noses.

Manx cats have a "double" coat. That is to say, the top coat is quite open and soft, while the undercoat is very thick.

NATURE

Cats 1

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows a Siamese cat.

Siamese cats are among the most beautiful of all the domestic breeds of cat. They are found in a number of colours but all have certain things in common. Good examples should have very well balanced bodies, long and agile, and tails and feet in proportion. Their heads should be neither pointed nor round but rather in the shape of a wedge and their eyes should be blue without any green tinge. They are intelligent animals and should look intelligent and alert.

NATURE

Cats 3

PERSIAN cats are long-haired and may be the result of selective breeding or the descendants of the manul or Pallas 'cat'. The manul has long hair and is found from Tibet to the Caspian Sea and also as far north as Siberia. The Caspian Sea is one of the frontiers of Iran (Persia) and is also near to Turkey where the capital, Ankara, used to be known as Angora. The Angora has been thought to be a different name for the same sort of cat as the Persian but they are two different breeds.

A perfect specimen of a Persian cat should have a deep chest, large shoulders and rump and be fairly large. The head should be big and round and set on a neck that is not too long.

NATURE

Cats 1



NATURE

Cats 2



NATURE

Cats 3



NATURE

Cats 4



HISTORY—

Early Boats 5



HISTORY—

Early Boats 6



HISTORY—

Early Boats 7



HISTORY—

Early Boats 8



HISTORY—

Early Boats 6

THE word "catamaran" is quite often used nowadays for all outriggers and double hulled craft. But a real catamaran is a raft made of logs tied together. The name comes from the Tamil "katta-maram" meaning "tied tree" and the reason for this is obvious.

In its simplest form, a catamaran is three or more logs which have been lashed together. Sometimes rattan—a type of climbing palm with pliable stems—is used and sometimes other similar vegetation.

They are extremely sturdy little boats and are quite capable of keeping afloat on the roughest seas. They are not bothered by surf and can move at considerable speeds.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a Madras catamaran.

HISTORY—

Early Boats 8

DUG-OUT canoes were used by many primitive peoples and are still found even today.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a South Pacific sailing canoe. It is basically a dug-out but the sides are heightened with planking sewn with twine.

It was always sailed with the outrigger to windward. As a result, when changing direction, the sail and steering paddle were reversed.

Apparently some canoes like this were as much as 100 ft. long and held 40 people. They were used on long ocean voyages.

The word "canoe" is very old. When Columbus went to the West Indies, he found the word "canaoa" being used.

HISTORY—

Early Boats 5

IT has already been pointed out that any buoyant material can be used to make a simple raft. Materials which were buoyant and also close at hand were bulrushes. They actually grow in the water and no difficulty or strain is involved in picking them.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a boat of bundled bulrushes used by Andean fishermen. Air is trapped between the rushes, so making the craft virtually unsinkable—at least for several months, or maybe even longer.

This particular type of bulrush boat has a sail made of reeds. It is only possible actually to sail such a boat, however, when there is a reasonable wind.

HISTORY—

Early Boats 7

PERHAPS the peak of artistry in canoe building was achieved by the North American Indians with their birch-bark canoes. These are far more sophisticated in both design and workmanship than the bark canoes of the Australian aborigines.

The birch-bark canoe was made by forming a very tough framework of wood, light but strong, and covering it with thin sheets of birch bark. These were prepared by sewing them together with pieces of fibre and making them waterproof at the seams by the application of a resinous gum.

Over 30 years ago, a boat made of planks and sewn with yew withers was discovered and estimated to be probably around 2,000 years old.



MAHABHARATA

The Story so far:

Yudhishtira, the eldest of the five sons of Pandu, and now King of Indraprastha, resolved to perform the Rajasuya sacrifice, which was the formal assumption of the Imperial title over all the kings of ancient India. But when Yudhishtira asked Sri Krishna for his advice, Krishna wisely pointed out that whilst Jarasandha, the tyrant king of Magadha lived, it would not be possible to assume the title of Emperor, for Jarasandha would certainly oppose it.

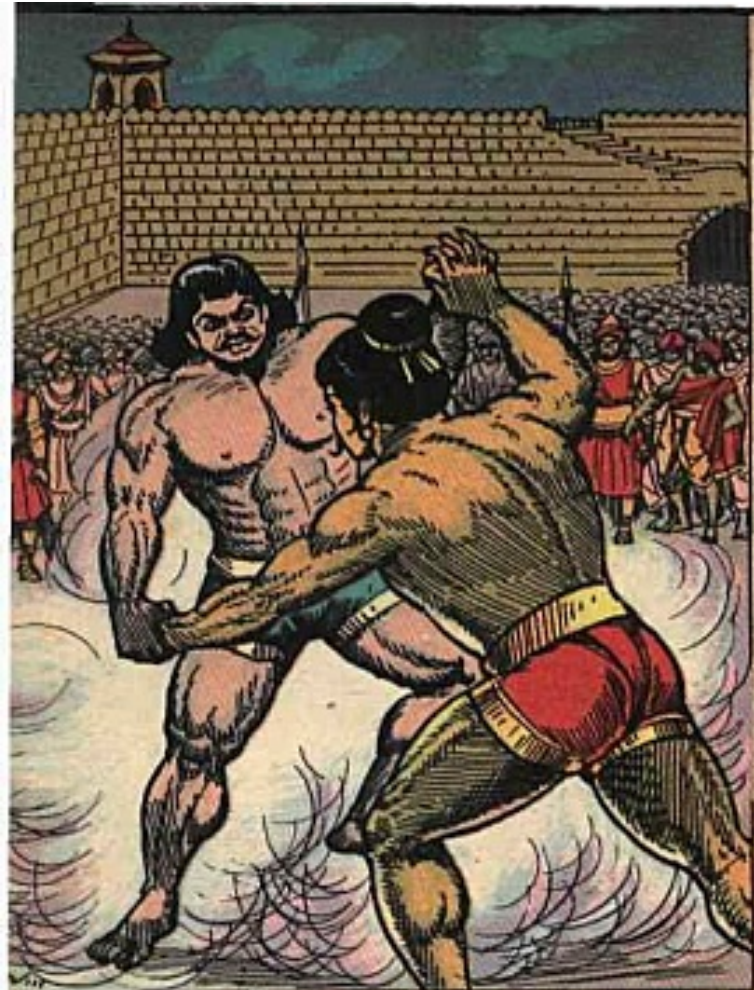
Yudhishtira's brothers, Arjuna and Bhima, readily agreed that Jarasandha had to be defeated and killed, and in the end Krishna, Arjuna and Bhima set out for Magadha disguised as

men of religious orders, with the intent to challenge Jarasandha to single combat.

When Krishna and the two princes arrived in Magadha, they had no difficulty in obtaining an audience with Jarasandha, who at the time was sorely troubled with ill-omens, and welcomed any holy man who might be able to ease his troubled mind.

Jarasandha entertained the three conspirators in the hall of sacrifice, but Arjuna and Bhima made no reply to his words of welcome as they wished to avoid telling lies.

Krishna speaking on their behalf, explained that his companions were very holy men and



were under a vow of silence until midnight. So Jarasandha readily agreed to meet the three after midnight.

At midnight, Jarasandha's servants ushered Krishna and the two princes into Jarasandha's chamber. But Jarasandha became suspicious of their arrogant bearing and demanded, "Who are you? You look more like warriors than priests. What brings you here?"

"You are right," replied Krishna. "We are warriors, and we are here to challenge you to single combat. I am Krishna, and here are the princes Arjuna and Bhima. Your dastardly reign has gone on far

too long. So choose the one you will fight."

At this Jarasandha burst out laughing, "Krishna you are a mere cowherd, and Arjuna is but a boy. Bhima has a reputation of being strong, so I will tear him asunder."

Bhima and Jarasandha were so equally matched in strength that they fought for days without respite, while Krishna and Arjuna looked silently on.

The courtyard where they were fighting was thronged with Jarasandha's warriors, who urged their king on to victory. But after days of fighting, Jarasandha showed signs of exhaustion, and Krishna called on Bhima to put an end to the tyrant. This whipped Bhima into a renewed frenzy and catching his opponent by the ankles, tore his body into two halves. Thus Bhima separated the halves that Jarasandha had accidentally put together.

The kings and princes who Jarasandha had held in captivity were released. Jarasandha's son was crowned king of Magadha, and then Krishna, Arjuna and Bhima returned to Indraprastha.

With Jarasandha dead, the way was now clear for Yudhish-

thira to perform the Imperial sacrifice. His brothers were sent out with troops in all directions to proclaim his supremacy over all the surrounding kingdoms. Most of the monarchs gladly recognized the right of Yudhishtira to be proclaimed Emperor, which they felt sure would herald a new era of peace throughout the land.

Dawned the day of the sacrifice, and all the monarchs from far and wide came to Indraprastha to pay homage to Yudhishtira on the assumption of the title of Emperor.

King Dhritarashtra and the Kaurava princes, accompanied by Bhishma, Vidura, Drona, Kripa, headed a great cavalcade from Hastinapura.

When the time came to perform the holy sacrifice, it was the custom to render first honour to the guest who was considered most worthy of taking precedence over all others.

Yudhishtira requested his grandsire, Bhishma, for his opinion as to who should be honoured first. Bhishma without hesitation said. "The great est amidst the great assembled here is Krishna, King of Dwaraka."



Bhishma advises Yudhishtira to honour Sri Krishna.

Yudhishtira was only too willing to follow this advice, and at his command, Sahadeva offered to Krishna the honours enjoyed by tradition.

At this there was a loud shout of protest, and everyone looked aghast as Sisupala, the king of Chedi, left his seat and strode into the centre of the hall.

Sisupala stood in front of Yudhishtira, and pointing to Krishna, he laughed in derision and shouted for all to hear. "What nonsense is this. With so many kings gathered here, it is a disgrace that you give



Sisupala challenges Krishna.

first honour to Krishna, a fool by birth and a cowherd by breeding."

Some of the assembled monarchs applauded Sisupala, but the majority protested. This only made Sisupala more and more angry, and turning on Krishna, sneeringly said. "If in a moment of weakness, Yudhishthira took the advice of the aged Bhishma, it was impudence on your part to accept such an

undeserved honour."

Krishna stood silent, but Yudhishthira alarmed by this turn of events, tried to appease Sisupala. But Sisupala had now worked himself into a towering rage and he shouted. "It is obvious to us all that this would-be Emperor Yudhishthira, this senile Bhishma, and this cowherd Krishna are not fit to mix with the proud monarchs of the land."

Now Krishna spoke, and in a calm voice, addressed the assembly. "Listen O righteous monarchs, in spite of wrong and frequent outrage, never in my heart have I sought to do Sisupala wrong. But his life is a sickening tale of sin added to sin, and such a man is destined to an untimely death."

Sisupala drew his sword and challenged Krishna to fight. "I Sisupala, seek no mercy from any man, but let us see if a lowly born cowherd has the temerity to fight."

Into Krishna's hand came the deadly discus, and with one blow severed Sisupala's head.

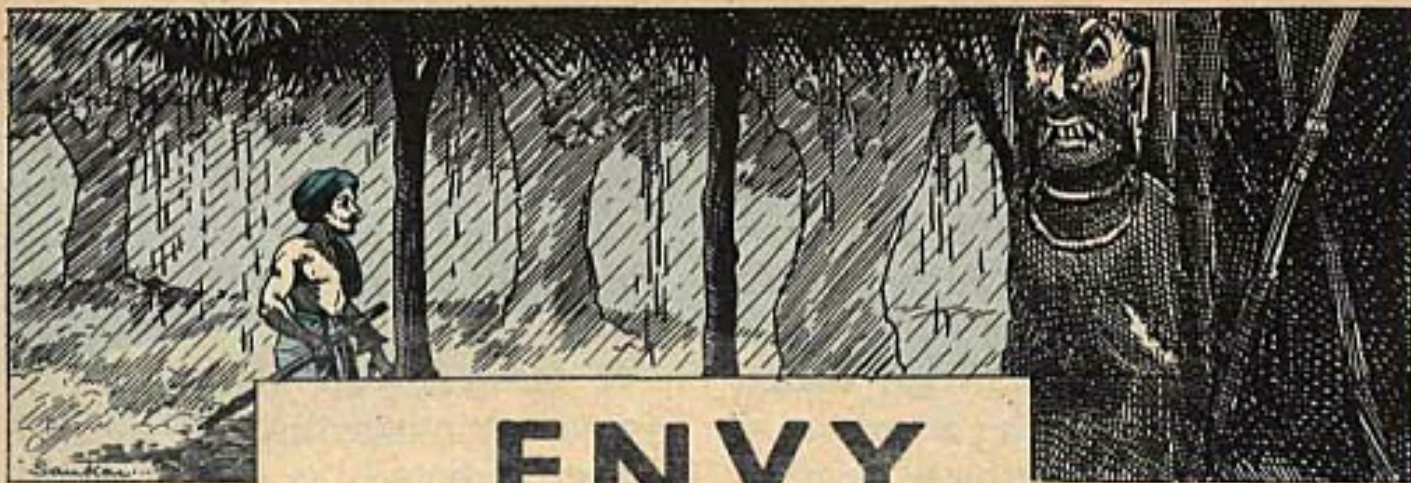
After this unfortunate incident, the holy sacrifice was performed with all its pageantry and splendour.

At the close of the festivities, the monarchs, priests and elders paid homage to Yudhishtira

as Emperor, and took their leave. Veda Vyasa also came to say farewell. Yudhishtira received the sage with due respect, and being troubled by the death of Sisupala during the holy sacrifice, asked the sage, "O master, you alone can remove my misgivings. Wise men have predicted the future would bring catastrophic events. Tell me, does the death of Sisupala end these predictions?"

"My son," the sage replied. "Much sorrow and suffering is in store for thirteen years to come. Hundreds of kings will perish and the old order of things will pass away. No one can go against destiny. But to you I would say, rule your kingdom wisely and be steadfast in righteousness." With these words, Vyasa blessed Yudhishtira and departed for his hermitage.





ENVY

Balaram was a wood-cutter who lived in India many years ago. He was a quiet hard working man, but with a large family to support, life was not at all easy, and often it was difficult to provide even one meal each day for his family.

One morning, after several days of heavy rain, when work had been impossible, he set out into the forest determined to cut a lot of wood.

Before he could start work, down came the rain, and poor Balaram had to take shelter under a tree. There he sat, wet and shivering, waiting for the rain to stop. But the rain came down heavier and heavier, and Balaram realised with a sinking feeling, that once again he would not be able to earn any money, and this morning the children looked so hungry.

After waiting for several hours, Balaram decided to go home. As he made his way through the forest, he saw a dilapidated hut. This, he thought, would afford some shelter, and perhaps he could kindle a fire and dry his clothes.

The hut was in a sorry state, but at least it was fairly dry. Looking around in the gloomy light for something to start a fire, Balaram saw what looked like a beam of timber propped up in one corner. This is indeed lucky, thought Balaram, as that piece of timber will make a fine bundle of dry wood to sell.

As Balaram lifted his axe to split this beam of wood, a strange light filled the hut, and Balaram was surprised to see that the beam of wood was actually an ancient carved figure. At the same time a voice came from the figure.

"Would you commit sacrilege by destroying the image of the Goddess Durga?"

Balaram, scared and shaken, fell on his knees and in an imploring voice cried. "I meant no harm. I thought this to be an old piece of timber, which I could cut up in order to buy food for my family."

"Do not despair my son," the voice said. "Your family will not starve. Do as I say. Go home and put a large pot on the fire, and as you do so, say the name 'Goddess Durga' three times, and food you will have in plenty."

Balaram hurried home as fast as his legs would carry him. When his wife saw that he had

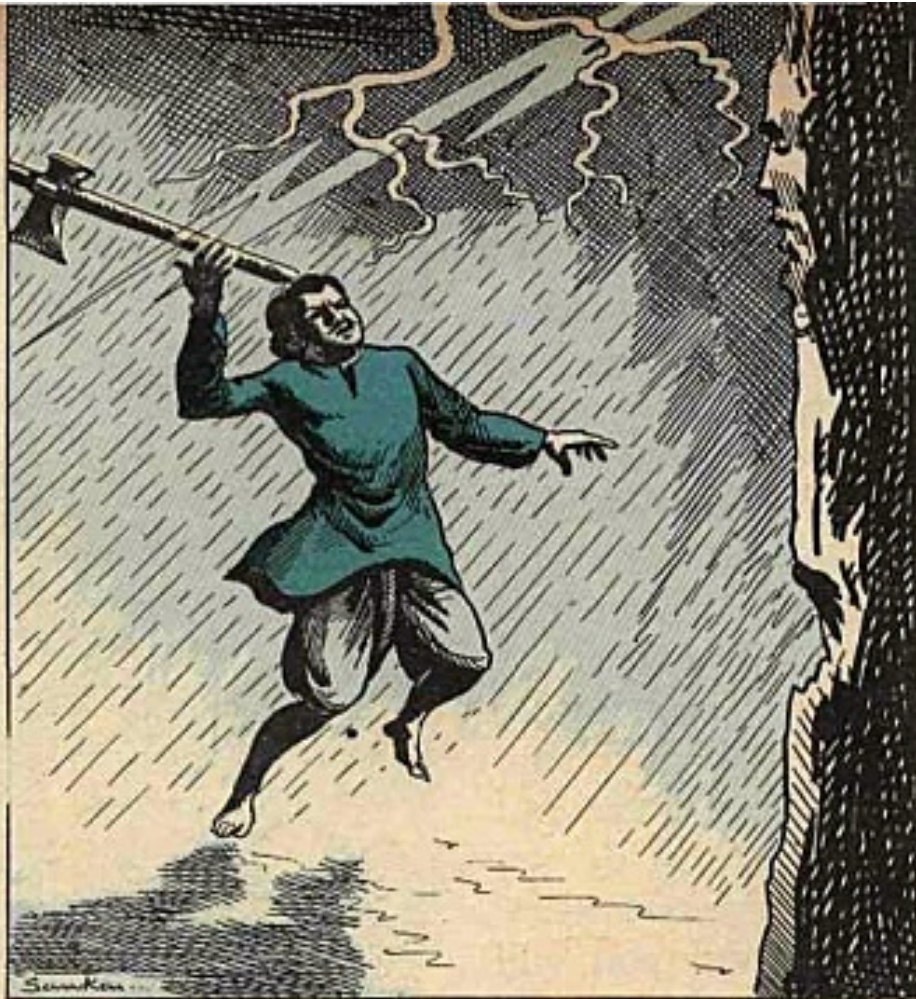


come home without any wood, she was in despair. "What shall we do" she cried, "there is no food in the house and you have not brought any wood to sell."

"Do not worry," Balaram cried excitedly. "The Goddess Durga has granted us a great boon." Then he told his wife all that had happened at the hut in the forest.

Curious as to what would happen, they took a large pot and put it on the fire, then both knelt and said 'Goddess Durga' three times. They sat and gazed intently at the pot, silently praying that this boon would come true. Very soon the most delicious aroma came from the





pot, and when it was lifted from the fire, they gasped in astonishment to see that it was filled with food.

From that day onwards, the wood-cutter and his family never went hungry again. In fact, the pot held so much food, they were able to give some to other poor folk.

Now living close by was a fairly well-to-do merchant, whose wife Mandara was a shrewd, jealous woman, who could never tolerate anyone possessing more than she had. Of course the wood-cutter's good fortune soon became the talk of the village.

At first Mandara was puzzled at the rumours she heard, but as days went by she became terribly envious of all this good food that she was not getting. Biding her time, she cornered one of Balaram's sons, and putting on a smile, coaxed him to tell her of his father's good fortune.

The boy blurted out the whole story of the hut in the forest, and how his father had nearly chopped up the image of Goddess Durga, and how the goddess had bestowed plenty on the family.

Without a word of thanks,

Mandara ran all the way home, and poured out the tale to her husband. Her husband said it was all a lot of nonsense. But Mandara would not listen to any arguments, and fairly pushed her husband out of the house with his axe, to go and find the hut and earn a similar boon from the goddess.

With a lot of inward mutterings, the husband toiled through the forest, and by luck managed to find the hut. When he went inside, he decided not to waste time, and lifted his axe high to give the carved wood a good solid blow.

But as he lifted the axe, there was a vivid flash of lightning, the earth trembled and the man fell to the ground, his body wracked with pain. A terrible voice smote the air. "For your wickedness, so you shall suffer."

"Mercy, mercy," moaned the man. "Why do you punish

me, when you granted a boon to Balaram?"

"Balaram needed wood in order to feed his family," the voice intoned. "But you came here out of greed. I will be merciful, providing you promise one thing."

"I will do anything," pleaded the man.

"Then go home, and from this day onwards, you will give Balaram's family one piece of silver each day, so that they can have good clothing. Now go."

With this the hut was as silent as before, and the man felt the terrible pains leave his body. Stumbling to his feet, he was only too glad to get away from the hut. When he arrived home, and told his wife the sad story, she moaned long and loud at the thought of giving away money each day.

But then greed sometimes gets just rewards.





THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

One fine, Summer morning, a little tailor decided to set out to see the world. All he had in the house was a round cheese, so he put that in his knapsack to eat when he was hungry. In the yard he saw his old hen, so he stuffed her in his knapsack, too.

After a while, he grew hot and hungry, so he sat down by the roadside to rest and pulled the cheese out of his knapsack to eat. Just then, along came a giant. "Where are you going?" asked the giant.

"I am going to see the world," replied the tailor. "Why don't you come too?"

The giant roared with laugh-

ter. "What, go along with a poor little fellow like you?" he asked rather rudely.

The tailor picked up the cheese and squeezed it until the whey ran out of it. "Can you squeeze water out of a stone like that?" he demanded.

The giant, who was a simple fellow, picked up a stone but no matter how hard he squeezed, no water came out of it. Angrily, he threw the stone into the air. It went so high that it almost disappeared from sight. "Can you throw a stone as high as that?" he cried.

"Easily," said the tailor. He took the old hen from his knapsack and hurled her into the air. She was so pleased to be free that she spread her wings and quickly disappeared from sight. The giant was very impressed.



The giant and the tailor went on together, until they came to a wood. There was a fine oak tree, lying on the ground. "We will drag this tree out of the wood," said the giant. The little tailor agreed. "You take the trunk and I will take the top and the branches, for they are heaviest," said the tailor. The giant laid the trunk on his shoulder and started to drag. Behind him the little tailor perched among the branches, so that the giant carried him as well. At last, the giant had to

stop for a rest. Immediately, the little tailor hopped down and seized the branches, pretending to be carrying them. "Why are you stopping?" he called and the giant, ashamed, picked up the trunk once more.

They came to a cherry tree and the giant stopped to pick some cherries to eat, but the ripest fruit was at the top of the tree. He picked some for himself and then handed the branch to the tailor, but the little tailor was not strong enough to hold it down. It



flew back, taking him with it and he dropped down on the other side.

"Are you too weak to hold on to that little twig?" called the giant scornfully.

"Of course not. I was trying to avoid that huntsman who is about to shoot an arrow into the bush where we were standing," the tailor called back. "You do the same." The giant tried to, but he only got stuck in the branches, while the tailor laughed loudly.

"It is nearly evening," said the

giant. "You had better come home with me for the night. My friend will have supper waiting." The tailor was not at all sure that he wanted to spend the night with two giants, but he could not refuse.

The tailor and the two giants ate their supper and then the tailor was shown to his bed. When the giant had gone he crept out of bed, put a pillow in his place and settled himself in a dark corner.

At midnight, the giant crept in. In his hand he held a big cudgel and he brought it down across the bed, just where he thought the tailor was lying. He gave the bed several great blows and then went out, muttering, "that is the end of you and good riddance."

Next morning, the little tailor walked jauntily into the room as the giants were having breakfast. They were so alarmed that they rushed from the house at once, without waiting to finish their meal. The tailor settled down and ate as much as he could and then went on his way.

At last, he reached the city where the king lived. He boasted so much about his great deeds that finally it reached the



The tailor began to drop stones on to the head of one of the sleeping giants.

ears of the king and he sent for the little tailor. "If you are such a fine fellow, rid me of the two robbers who are laying waste part of my kingdom," he said. "If you destroy them, you can have half of my kingdom. You may take with you a hundred soldiers."

The little tailor quaked with fear, for he was sure they must be the two giants, but he could not refuse and when he saw how frightened the soldiers were,

he put on a brave face. They rode away to a distant part of the kingdom and when they came to a place where the trees were torn up and crops destroyed, they knew the giants must be near.

"You stay here," said the tailor to the soldiers. "I will deal with them alone." He went into a nearby wood, where he soon found the two giants asleep under a tree.

He filled his knapsack with

stones, climbed the tree and began to drop the stones on to the head of one of the sleeping giants. The giant awoke, seized his companion and shook him fiercely. "What are you doing, striking me?" he asked.

"I did not strike you," replied the other. The two settled down to sleep once more and the tailor began again. The giants woke up, even more angry. They argued for a time and then went back to sleep again. This time, the tailor threw the biggest stone he had with all his might and the first giant leapt up in a great rage and struck his companion a mighty blow. There was soon a battle raging between them. They hurled rocks and stones at each

other, tore down branches and finally uprooted trees and fought with those, but they never once had the sense to look up into the tree under which they had been lying, where they might have spied the little tailor, perched up among the branches. The battle was so long and so fierce, that it only ended when both the giants were lying dead on the ground.

Then the tailor jumped down from his tree and went to fetch the soldiers, who were amazed to find him alive and the giants dead. They returned in triumph to the king and the little tailor was so famous, that the king gave him not only half the kingdom, but his daughter's hand in marriage as well.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the August issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.
- ★ Entries must be received before

30th June, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to :

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in April Issue

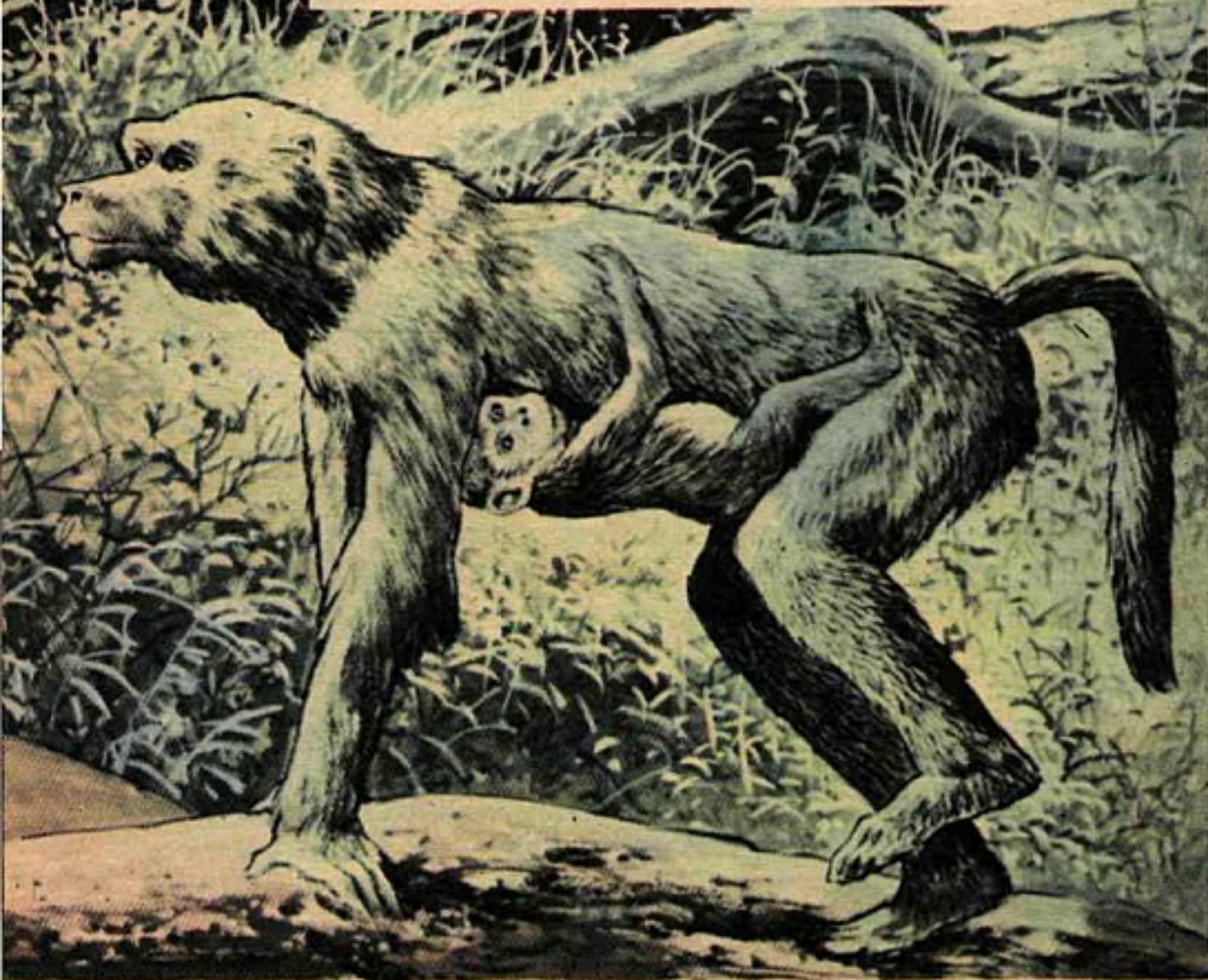
The prize is awarded to
Mr. Errol Monteiro,
29 Hunter's Road,
Vepery, Madras 7.

Winning entry—'A Swirling Rose'—'A Twirling Pose'



BABOONS

AN angry, screaming baboon, striking the ground with its hands, and displaying its large teeth, is enough to scare away any other creature, even a lion! You would think that this fierce animal was the most backward of apes, because it walks on all fours and stands up only if attacked, but in fact they are quite intelligent and are able to work out problems in much the same way as us. Large groups are 'governed' by old male baboons, who protect them from attack.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ OF ♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦ BARON MUNCHAUSEN

I told you last month that I was on a journey to the Egyptian city of Cairo and you will remember that on the way I picked up five strange companions to join me on my travels.

Do you remember who they were? The first was a man who could run so fast that he fixed iron weights to his ankles to slow him down. The second was a fellow who had such keen ears that he could hear a blade of grass growing, and the third was such a fine shot with a gun that he could hit a sparrow perched on the spire of a cathedral miles and miles away.

Number four, a man who could pull down a whole forest of trees with one sharp tug, came along to add his great strength. Last, but not least, was a jolly giant of a man, able to turn the sails of a dozen windmills by breathing on them from one of his nostrils.

We were a merry party and set off for Cairo in good spirits... but, alas, we were fated never

to reach that famous city. Perhaps the fault was mine, because when we reached the banks of the River Nile, I thought that a voyage down the river to the seaport of Alexandria was something we ought not to miss.

Thus, we set off in two barges, with myself and an Arab crew in the leading one. For three days all went well, but because of heavy rainstorms in distant parts of the African Continent, the river began to rise and spread over the whole country for many miles on either side. By the fifth day, at sunset, the barges became entangled on what I first took for reeds, but next morning I found the stuck in the top branches of some almond trees, whose fruit was plentiful and perfectly ripe.

An hour later the wind rose and blew so strongly that both barges were sunk and we were left clinging to the almond trees.

In this situation we continued for three weeks and three days,



living entirely on almonds and water, until the level of the river fell as rapidly as it had risen and we saw dry land again. After a tiresome journey on foot, in thin shos, we reached Alexandria six days later.

By then I had lost so much time that I decided to return to

the Turkish city of Constantinople which as you well know, is now called Istanbul.

My five companions and I were well received at the court of the Grand Turk himself. His Highness was most kind and introduced me to his many wives.

The Grand Turk always invited me to dine with him at the best table, being delighted to listen to the stories of my earlier adventures in other parts of the World.

"You are well-travelled, Baron," he said to me. "You have a great knowledge of wordly things, and I feel that I must put you to the test."

He snapped his fingers and ordered the servant to bring one of his special bottles of wine. Keeping the label cove-

red, he poured me a glass and invited me to drink.

"Can you name the wine?" he asked.

"Of course, Your Highness," I said. "It is a wine called Tokay."

"Your are right," he nodded, showing me the label. "It is the only bottle I possess and I am sure that never in your life have you tasted better."

"The wine is not bad," I answered. "I do not wish to hurt your fellings, sir,



He always invited me to dine with him at the best table.

but I have tasted better Tokay wine in the Emperor's palace in Vienna."

"Nonsense, Baron," said the Grand Turk. "It is impossible to find a better Tokay wine than this."

I swallowed hard, not liking to argue with him, but none the less determined to be truthful.

"Your Highness," I murmured. "I will bring you, within one hour, a bottle of Tokay out of the Emperor's cellar at Vienna, which you will find

much better than this. Shall we make a bet on it?"

"I think you have taken leave of your senses, Baron," he replied. "But I accept your challenge and will make a bet. It is now three o'clock. If by four o'clock you do not produce a better bottle of Tokay wine, then I shall order the court executioner to chop off your head. On the other hand, if you succeed, you can take out of my treasury as much gold and silver as the strongest man can carry."

I called for a pen and ink and wrote to the Emperor in Vienna the following letter:—

"I ask a favour of Your Majesty and request that you give to the bearer of this letter a bottle of Tokay wine, such as I often drank at your court. It must be the best wine, however, as I have made a bet with the Grand Turk, as a result of which I could lose my head. With profound respect, I have the honour to be

Baron Munchausen."

By then it was five minutes past three and I had only fifty-five minutes in which to win my bet.

"I feel sorry already, dear Baron," sighed the Grand Turk,





"Do you know how far it is to Vienna?"

"About eight hundred miles, as the crow flies." I answered.

"It would take a very fast crow to get to Vienna and back in less than an hour," nodded His Highness, "but if that bottle is not here, I will have your

head chopped off. I am not in the habit of allowing myself to be tricked, even by my best friends."

I hurried away and gave the letter, without sealing it, to my fast runner friend. He took the weights off his feet and started at once for Vienna.



THE ODD MARRIAGE

In ancient Pataliputra there lived a rich brahmin, who had one son, named Manohar. Now Manohar was extremely handsome and quite learned too. Naturally there were many families with marriageable daughters who made pointed suggestions in Manohar's direction, but Manohar decided he wanted a bride of his own choosing, and he set out to travel until he found her.

Manohar enjoyed his wanderings through the pleasant country-side, even though so far, he had not found the bride of his dreams. Eventually he came to the river Narmada, and on the bank a large wedding party was encamped.

Seeing the youth was alone, several of the party hailed

Manohar and invited him to join the gathering, which was about to enjoy food and wine before crossing the river. At first Manohar demurred, then remembering that he had not eaten since early morning, accepted the invitation, and was soon the centre of attraction amongst the merry makers.

Towards the end of the meal, an elderly man came and sat beside Manohar. "My son," he said. "I wonder if you would do me a great favour?"

"If it is within my power, I will certainly do it," replied Manohar.

The man seemed very pleased at Manohar's prompt reply, "Well, the favour is not a very big one really," the man said smilingly. "You see, on the other side of the river, lives

Ratnadatta, who has a very beautiful daughter. I am on my way there to seek her hand in marriage for my son. But unfortunately my son is extremely ugly, and she may well be repulsed by his looks. So all I ask of you is to impersonate my son till after the marriage."

At first Manohar felt like laughing at the man's sheer rascality. But then he had more or less given his word, and it would be interesting to see what transpired. So Manohar joined the party when it crossed the river.

The following evening, after a long weary day's travel, Manohar went to a nearby river to bathe. Having enjoyed a refreshing swim, Manohar was drying himself when, to his horror, he was caught in the clutches of a genie.

"Ho! Ho!", chortled the monster. "You will certainly make a tasty meal."

"You cannot possibly eat me," Manohar replied indignantly. "I have promised to do someone a favour. But if you let me go now, I promise to return immediately I have fulfilled what I have agreed to undertake."

"Bah! Do you expect me to believe such a likely tale?" sneered the monster.

Manohar then told the genie how the wily bridegroom's father had trapped him into the ruse of impersonating his ugly son.

The genie seemed impressed by Manohar's frankness. "Go then, and keep your promise to this rascal," he chortled. "But be sure to come back here afterwards."

Well, Manohar rejoined the marriage party, and eventually they arrived at the house of Ratnadatta. There was no hindrance in the wedding arrangements, as both Ratnadatta and his daughter Rupa,





felt that Manohar would make an ideal husband.

The wedding celebration was gay and colourful, but Rupa the lovely bride, could not fail to see that her husband seemed ill at ease, and she wondered why.

Later that night, the young couple were left alone. Rupa, who was more than infatuated with Manohar, longed to talk and ask a thousand and one questions. But Manohar seemed more perturbed than ever, and after pacing up and down the room, suddenly announced that he was going into the garden.

Rupa realised that something

terrible was amiss, so she decided to follow and discover what was wrong.

Manohar made straight for the river to keep his dire appointment with the genie.

The genie greeted him with a loud guffaw: "Very few mortals are as truthful as you. So you should make a very delightful meal."

"Wait," bid a voice, and when they turned round, there stood Rupa. "I am Manohar's wife," she said, walking towards the genie. "Surely I will make a more tasty meal than my husband."

"But may be I prefer to eat your husband," said the genie.

"Then," replied Rupa with a sigh. "Who will look after me when my husband has gone?"

"You can beg," answered the genie.

"But who will give alms to an accursed widow who lost her husband on her wedding night?"

"Poor girl. I will grant you a boon," said the genie with great deliberation. "Whoever refuses to give you alms will vanish on the spot."

"Then good genie," said Rupa promptly. "Please give me alms."

With a laugh, the genie disappeared into thin air. Manohar and Rupa hurried back to the house as dawn was fast approaching.

When they arrived there, they

were surprised to find the wedding party were getting ready to leave. The old rascal, who had enveigled Manohar into this adventure, called him to one side.

"You have played your part nobly my son," said the old rascal. "We are now returning home, and you shall be handsomely rewarded. Afterwards you can quietly disappear, so that my son can be the husband of Rupa."

Manohar was at a loss for a reply, because now he had no intention of giving up Rupa, who had confronted the genie with such great courage. He decided to wait until they reached their destination, and then he would claim Rupa as his lawful wife.

When they reached the river Narmada, the old rascal explained to Manohar that unfortunately, one boat would not carry all the party across, so he was sure Manohar would not object to crossing in a second boat.

But of course, he did not tell Manohar that he had bribed the second boatman to knock Manohar on the head, and throw his body into the water.

As soon as the first boat



reached the opposite bank, Rupa looked around for Manohar, and asked the old rascal where was Manohar.

"Manohar has left us. But this is your husband," said the old rascal, pointing to his ugly son.

"How dare you suggest that person is my husband," said Rupa. "If anything has happened to Manohar, you will answer for it with your head."

The old rascal was frightened at this determined tone, and tried to calm Rupa with soft words and promises. But it was of no avail. Rupa utterly refused to go any further with the old rascal, and demanded to go back to her own home.

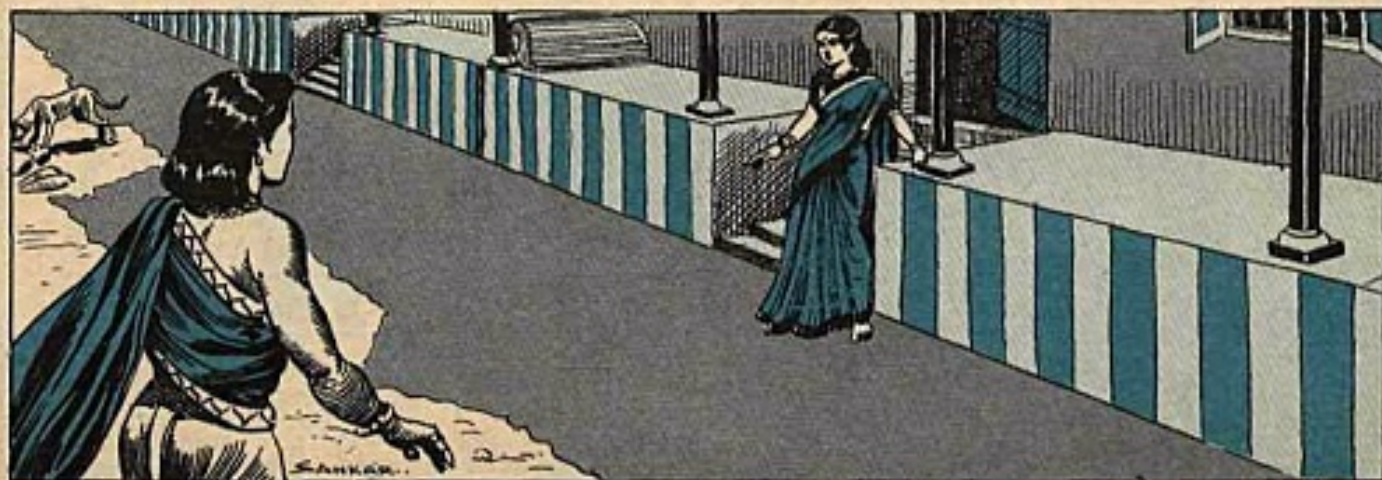
In the end of the old rascal, scared that his own life might be in danger, consented to Rupa returning across the river.

Meanwhile Manohar, in the second boat, anxiously scanned

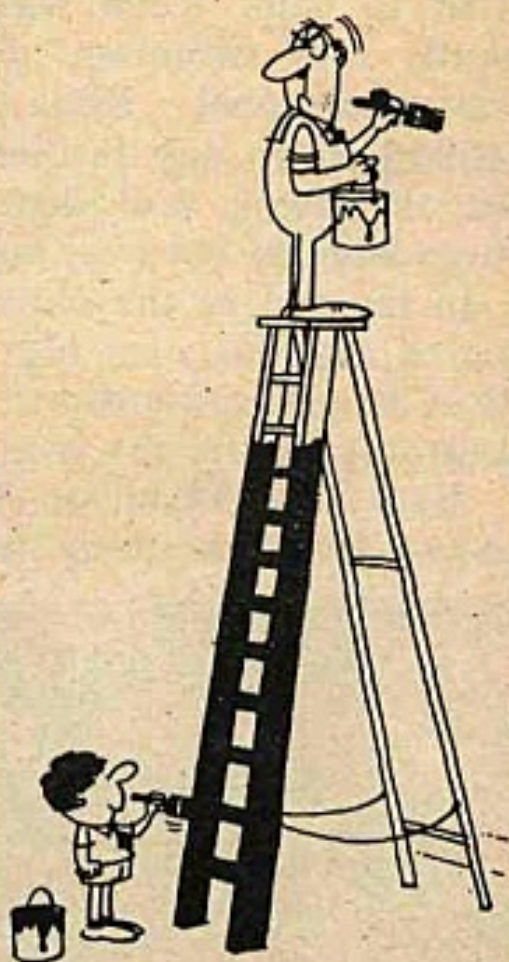
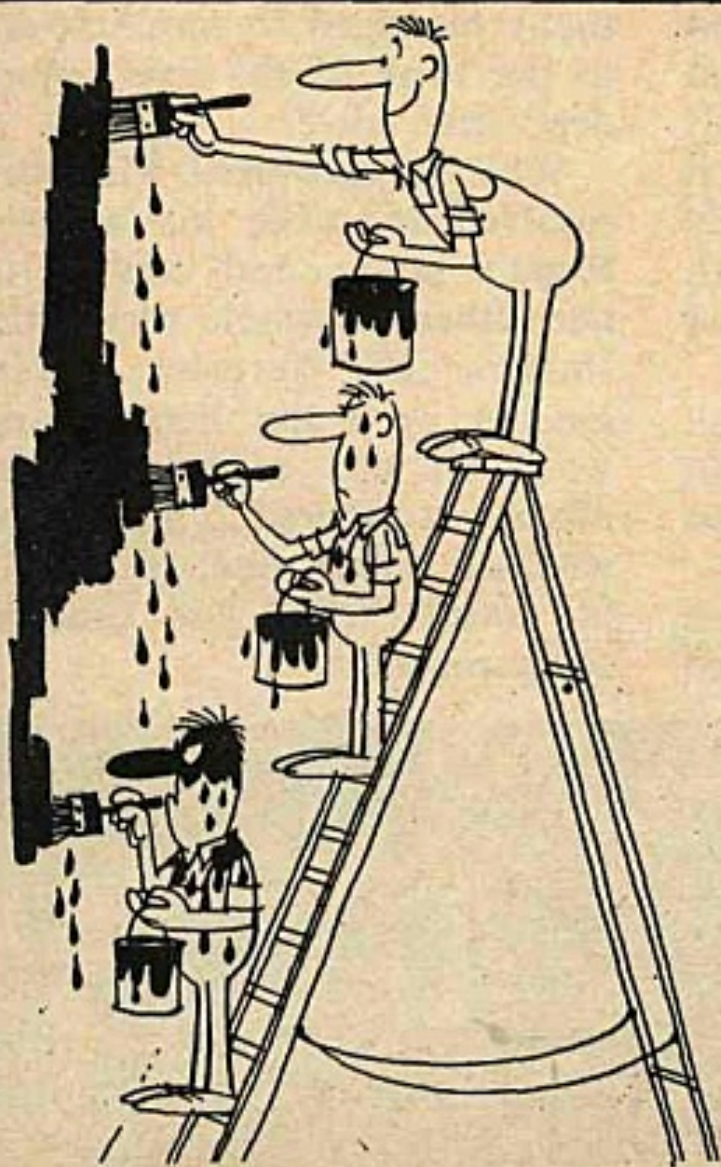
the distant shore for a sight of his beloved Rupa, and was taken unawares when the boatman struck him a violent blow with his oar, sending Manohar headlong into the river.

At first, befuddled by the blow and hampered by his clothes, Manohar was in danger of drowning. But somehow he managed to survive, and allowing himself to be carried by the strong current, Manohar eventually managed to scramble on to the bank of the river, more dead than alive.

When he recovered, Manohar resolved to make his way to Rupa's home, and confess to her father the whole sorry tale. Imagine his surprise to be greeted by Rupa herself, and when all was explained, they often wondered afterwards whether it was fate, or a wily old rascal who had brought them together.



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DREAD KILLERS OF THE DEEP

Sharks have always been man's deadly enemy. There is no more terrifying sight than that single fin skimming the water. Here you see the voracious Blue Shark with its huge jaws and triangular knife-like teeth. Also in the background is the ferocious Hammerhead Shark, with its peculiarly shaped head with eyes at each end. It is a hideous and repulsive creature

